Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him,

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth,

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh

Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules* dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthie firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and p other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe comes am

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauelling along this coaſt, I heere am come by ch
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had do

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clow. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the beſ

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds C
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquer
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſayes no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmellin